

HOUSES WRECKED BY THE GREAT GALE: PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

OUR NAVY'S "VISITING CARDS" WHICH "THE SAUCY ARETHUSA"
AND OTHER VESSELS HAVE BEEN PRESENTING TO GERMANY.



"We have been leaving our visiting cards on the Germans at Cuxhaven." This phrase, made in a letter from a naval man, illustrates the buoyant spirits with which our men went into the enterprise. The visiting cards were the sort of shells which are shown

above. The saucy Arethusa played a fine part in the raid. Here are her officers with Commodore Tyrwhitt in the centre. H.M.S. Arethusa had, it will be seen, already added "Heligoland" to her roll of honour.

HOW OUR BRITISH SAILOR BOYS IN HOLLAND ENJOYED THEIR CHRISTMAS.



*Christmas Day in the barracks at Groningen, in Holland, where those British sailors who crossed the Dutch frontier after engaging the Germans in front of Antwerp have been interned for the duration of the war, was celebrated in a good old-fashioned British

style. After morning service, which was held in the barracks—as shown in the larger photograph—most of the boys went in for Christmas Day sports. Their favourite was charging on stilts. Afterwards came the Christmas tree.

DEATH AND RUIN IN TRACK OF GALE.

Terrible Havoc Wrought by Wind and Rain—Child Killed in Bed.

CRIPPEN SHIP ASHORE.

Extraordinary stories of the effects of Monday night's gale—the worst of the winter—came to hand yesterday.

London's gale brought death. Three houses were partially wrecked at Clapham, and Albert Wakley, aged sixty-three, was killed and three persons injured.

Storm and flood were reported from all parts of the country. Particularly severe was the storm in the Midlands and the South.

A blinding blizzard swept over Leicestershire and Rutland, where the snow had drifted to a great depth, and there were indications of an exceptionally heavy downfall.

MERSEY TRAFFIC SUSPENDED.

Following heavy rain on Sunday night, Liverpool was on Monday enveloped in one of the densest fogs known, and traffic on the River Mersey was suspended, with the exception of the ferry services.

In Birmingham and the Black Country there were heavy falls of snow during the night.

The biggest snow experience in North-west for a quarter of a century occurred as a result of the extraordinary rainfall.

The River Dane became like a raging torrent and overflowed, submerging acres of agricultural land. The River Weaver also has risen, being over four feet above normal and passing over its banks.

Floods are reported from many other parts of the country. From Christchurch to Kingsland (Hants) the Stour and Avon have overrun their banks, and thousands of acres of meadowland are submerged.

There has been a heavy fall of snow over the eastern range of the Pennine Hills.

The full fury of the gale was felt on the East Coast.

Considerable damage was done at Harwich. Trees, palings and hoardings were blown down and the gable end of some adjoining property fell into the *Harwich Standard's* composing room, doing much damage.

In Harwich Harbour many small fishing boats were sunk, and the name is unknown. No loss of life, however, was reported.

CYCLISTS BLOWN OFF ROADS.

During the heavy gale the Margate lifeboat rescued the master of the barque Circe, and also his wife and the mate.

There were two other barques in difficulties, one of which sank, but the name is unknown, and nothing is known as to the fate of the crew. It is supposed the other barque succeeded in getting out to sea.

At Brighton, Haslings and Eastbourne shop windows were blown in, chimney stacks and tiles were scattered in all directions and trees were uprooted. In many places cyclists and their machines were blown off the roads, and a provision van was blown off at Hove.

A terrific sea raged off Dover and broke over the Admiralty Pier.

Men ashore from their ships were unable to return to their boats, the sea rendering the passage too dangerous.

The obsolete steamer Montrose, in which Crippen left England, only to be caught before he landed in Canada, was blown out of Dover Harbour.

There was not a soul on board her, but a party from a Downs patrol boat went out to her. When they reached her they found she had no anchors.

They drifted on to the Goodwin Sands and were rescued by the Deal lifeboat. The vessel was yesterday still on the sands.

BOY KILLED IN BED.

Much havoc was wrought in Chatham, Gillingham and the surrounding districts.

One fatality was reported, being a little boy named Leslie Smithson, six years of age, whose father is a sergeant in the Royal Engineers serving in the Expeditionary Force.

The boy was in bed with his sister Dora, aged four years, when a chimney-pot blew off and crashed through the roof into the bedroom.

The little girl when extricated was only slightly injured, but the boy was dead.

The Gillingham football stand was blown down.

The storm resulted in an extraordinary rise in the upper reaches of the Thames.

Abnormally heavy rain, followed by snow, occurred in Bath, and in consequence the River Avon rose with alarming rapidity, and is now about 9ft. above the normal level, and still rising.

Thousands of acres in Somerset and Wiltshire are submerged, and the basements of many low-lying houses in Bath have been inundated.

The Stort and Lea Valleys are flooded from Bishop's Stortford to Tottenham, and at places the railway lines are submerged.

At the Central Telegraph Office in London yesterday *The Daily Mirror* was asked to warn the public of "very heavy telegraphic delay everywhere throughout the country, and to Ireland, Scotland and the Continent."

Telephonic communication between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow was altogether impossible yesterday.

There is also great delay between London and the south coast ports.

Telephone and telegraph wires are down throughout the Peak district of Derbyshire. "Gangs of men" were yesterday working to restore the communications.

EAGER TO FIGHT FOR US.

4,000 Italians Who Came from America to Join French Army.

ON SIDE OF LIBERTY.

"It is in the English Army and for England that we wish to fight. Over 2,000 trained Italian soldiers would enlist in the British Army next week if they could be accepted," said a well-known London Italian to *The Daily Mirror*. "A number who found this impossible have gone out and joined the French Army."

"It is natural that we should wish to fight against the Austrians. And, now that Turkey has come into the war, we should like to meet them again. Many of us have recollections of Tripoli, which we would like to avenge."

"Many hundreds of Italians who took part in the Tripoli campaign are resident in England. They are fit, seasoned soldiers."

"Already a great number of Italians—over 14,000, as a matter of fact—are fighting in the French Army. Four thousand of them came from America, there were 5,000 in France when the war broke out, and nearly 7,000 have joined the French forces from Italy."

"We who are here as guests of Britain wish to show our affection and devotion to the country of our adoption. Next to serving for Italy we would soonest fight for Britain."

There has, of course, been considerable recruiting, and at the Italian Working Men's Club in Clerkenwell some 750 men have joined and gone to France in three batches of 350, 250 and 150 men. There are now about fifty men enrolled ready to go with the next batch.

"We wish," said *The Daily Mirror's* informant, "to see Italian soil freed from the grip of the conqueror, and until Trieste and the Trentino are Italian again there are some of us who will not rest. We feel the same about it as the French do about Alsace-Lorraine."

RUSH FOR BARGAINS.

Crowds of Women Shoppers at the First Winter Sales.

The first spring hat of the next season appeared in a shop window in the West End of London yesterday. It was a pale yellow straw trimmed with stiff silk bows and was distinctly Early Victorian.

In the chill wind of yesterday many women thronged to the shops looking for bargains, for many of the winter sales have now begun.

"We must clear out our stock," *The Daily Mirror* was told in the costume and gown show room of Derry and Toms, "and never were gowns, costumes and coats cheaper."

An evening gown can be bought for £1, a handsome coat worth five and a half guineas for 98s. 6d., a fur coat for four guineas, and nap cloth coats of the newest shape and belted for 35s. 11d.

At one establishment a big woolly dressing-gown of navy-blue with white facings and a sailor collar was offered for 2s. 11d.

Other wonderful bargains noticed were:—English tweed cloth, double width, a yard, 6s. 6d. Silk stockings with lace feet, a pair, 1s. 6d. Silk brooches in all kinds of pretty colours, double width, 1s. 6d.

Women yesterday were even buying summer dresses, especially cute little model gowns.

"TREATED LIKE PIGS."

J. Hesman Blass, an Austrian prisoner of war interned in the Isle of Man, pleaded guilty yesterday morning, before a military court held at Douglas, to having attempted to communicate with an alien enemy by means of a letter written with invisible ink.

In the letter Blass said the prisoners were treated in camp like pigs, and he also made allegations as to the bad quality of the food and sleeping accommodation.

The sentence will be submitted for confirmation.

DEATH LURKING IN WAVES

Thrills of Flushing Passengers in Steamer Which Dodges Mine Fields.

"ROAD CLEAR" SIGNAL.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

FLUSHING, Dec. 28.—When travellers arrive here from England there is an immediate rush for the telegraph office. "All well—arrived safely," is the usual message they send to their friends.

Since the war began the journey from London to Flushing has become to most people's minds a romantic and perilous adventure. During the sea voyage the word "mines" is strictly taboo, but the thought of them is ever present with nervous passengers.

The adventure begins at Victoria Station about five o'clock any afternoon. There is usually a crowd of sightseers to watch the Flushing-bound travellers disappear into the mysterious curtained doorway, where they are questioned and their luggage examined. One passes in the doorway amid the keen scrutiny of plain clothes detectives.

At Folkestone begins the second inspection. The white card, which is given to every passenger, has been filled up, and one is instructed to keep this card with one's passport in readiness. Then everybody is formed up in a long queue.

Very slowly the people pass into the room where half a dozen or more officials are seated. Men and women from all corners of the earth are in the queue.

The second "inquisition" over passengers are conducted to the boat, which, in the grey dawn, creeps out of Folkestone Harbour.

A few miles from the coast the steamer slows down. All around are curious little black Admiralty tugs and trawlers, each fitted with wireless, and from one of the vessels a naval officer can be seen waving his hand.

We steam past the vessel at snail's pace, the officer still swinging his arm like a policeman allowing traffic to pass. He is showing us the way and signifying that there is a clear "road" ahead. Close by are the minefields.

Just outside Flushing we pass two Dutch warships with steam up ready for any emergency. As the vessel draws alongside the quay—the adventure is at an end, the whole journey from Victoria having taken over twenty hours.

ELOQUENT "TOMMY."

Stirring Stories from the Battlefield Which Bring Many Recruits.

Recruiting is steady, if not booming, and for the moment is of a more special character than general. Men who have been home from the front on furlough have done something to give it a fillip.

They have for the most part looked so well and so cheerful that they have by their very breeziness induced many friends to join up.

The average "Tommy" has a certain power of expression which is all his own, and his story of bayonet charges, of life in the trenches, of scouting and days in France generally have been listened to open-mouthed.

Good-class men are joining the special departments of the Army—transport drivers, Army pay department, Army Service Corps, Army clerks (shorthand and typists), farriers, Army veterinary corps, and so on.

There is still room for the veterans. Time-expired sergeants are wanted for drill, signalling and musketry instructors.

Meanwhile there are still a few vacancies in the 2nd Sportsman's Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, who can enlist at the Hotel Cecil, and the Reserve Battalion of the 6th City of London Rifles (Territorials) have a few vacancies for men of 5ft. 5in. The headquarters are at 57a, Farringdon-road.

Although well over a million men have enlisted in the Regulars, Kitchener's Army and Territorials since the war began, there are still many more wanted. The full million of Kitchener's Army is not yet quite complete, and then another half-million will be called for.

VERDICT OF 'GUILTY' IN ATROCITY CASE.

Girl Who Forged Letters Is Recommended to Mercy.

DISCHARGED BY JUDGE.

With a verdict of "Guilty" the trial of the eighteen-year-old Dumfries girl named Kate Hume, charged with fabricating the story of her sister's death as a result of mutilations by Germans, concluded yesterday in the High Court of Edinburgh.

The jury recommended the girl for mercy, and the Judge said that, seeing she had been in prison for three months, he would order her immediate release.

The charge against the girl was based on two letters purporting to come from Germany. One letter described the death of Nurse Grace Hume in hospital from terrible injuries "inflicted by Germans." Another letter purported to be Grace's dying message to her friends.

The whole story was untrue. On Monday accused gave evidence admitting she wrote the letters, but explaining that she had worked herself into the belief that what she wrote was true.

The defence was a denial of criminal intent and a plea that the girl was suffering from hysteria at the time the letters were written.

AN ABNORMAL MIND?

When the trial was resumed yesterday the Lord Advocate addressed the jury for the prosecution, the calling of evidence having been completed the previous day.

He said three questions arose for consideration:—(1) Did the accused do the things it was alleged she did? (2) Was she responsible for her actions at the time? (3) Was it her intention to alarm and annoy the public, and in particular her father and stepmother?

With regard to the first, counsel submitted there could not be the least doubt that accused wrote and uttered the letters and forged the signature to both.

As to whether she was so hysterical as not to be responsible for her action, he argued that nothing short of insanity was sufficient as an answer to a criminal charge.

Accused, however, had shown mental alertness, intelligence, quickness, capacity, will power and determination.

Her appearance when in the witness-box demonstrated that she had a normal and not an abnormal mind.

It would be dangerous if it went forth that the mere fact of a person suffering from hysteria was the answer to a charge of this grave nature.

The intention to alarm the public, and particularly the father and stepmother, continued counsel, was abundantly proved, and people who read the abominable and revolting story were shocked and horrified by it.

ACCUSED IN TEARS.

A pathetic scene occurred when Mr. Wilson, K.C., in his speech for the defence, spoke of the way in which the accused had been affected by the loss of her brother in the Titanic.

This reference by counsel deeply affected the prisoner, who buried her face in her handkerchief and wept convulsively.

Mr. Wilson submitted that the prosecution had broken down, as nothing in the way of criminal intentions had been proved.

It was preposterous, he said, to regard this girl as a criminal.

There were clear indications that she was abnormal.

The idea that her intention was to alarm her father and stepmother was negated by the fact that the letters were in the handwriting of the prisoner, and the truth or falsity of them could easily have been ascertained.

There was no crime, he contended, because there could not be any felonious intention.

To say the girl had alarmed the public was a fantastic distortion of facts.

"ESCAPED" GERMAN FOUND IN GAOL.

Where could John Jergen Kuhr, the flat-footed bow-legged German who spoke but imperfect English, have got to? was the question asked when it was learnt that he had escaped from Newcastle Gaol.

He had not got far. In fact he never left the prison, and was found yesterday in a place of concealment.

The official notice, which pointed out the physical imperfections mentioned, described him as "an inventor of considerable attainments."

RACE TRAIN MURDER CHARGE.

Three men appeared in the dock at the South-Western Police Court yesterday in connection with the Windsor race train tragedy.

They were James O'Neill, Alfred Catling and Edward James, and they were charged with the murder of Alfred Morton, who died from stabs in the abdomen.

James was discharged, counsel stating that he evidently had nothing to do with the man's death, and the other two prisoners were remanded.

Extensions of licences have been granted to several of the large West End hotels in connection with the New Year's Eve festival.

ENGLANDERLAGER
RUELLEN-SPANDAU
GERMANY

XMAS 1914.

WISHING YOU A HAPPY XMAS
AND A BRIGHTER NEW YEAR

FOR
H. Solloway.

BRITISH CIVIL PRISONER OF WAR

A Christmas card sent by a British prisoner of war now in Germany to friends in England. What do the Germans think of the phrase, "and a brighter New Year"?

ALLIES STEADILY PUSHING THEIR WAY ALONG THE BELGIAN COAST

Village of St. Georges, Near Nieuport, Taken by Storm.

LOST TRENCHES RETAKEN IN FIERCE FIGHTS.

Germans Driven Out of Positions They Had Captured After Three Counter-Attacks.

SAILORS' STORIES OF THE CUXHAVEN RAID.

The news from the front is distinctly good. Although the storm on Monday prevented operations on the greater part of the front that day, yesterday, however, was marked by great activity.

The Allies captured the village of St. Georges and have taken up their position there. For the past few days the Allies have been progressing towards this point, which is near Nieuport.

Bit by bit, in "nibbles," as it were, Belgium is being recovered and the advance of the Allies, if slow, is very sure.

In Upper Alsace the French continue to do well. They have invested the village of Steinbach, and after a fierce battle secured the ruins of a castle north-west of the village.

Although there is yet no confirmation of the recent report that the Germans had been forced to evacuate Roulers, yesterday's messages from Amsterdam clearly show that the Allies are making marked progress towards that town.

HOT FIGHTS FOR TRENCHES NEAR A REDOUBT.

Germans Driven Out of Position After Three Successive Counter Attacks.

PARIS, Dec. 29.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—
In Belgium the village of St. Georges was carried by our troops which established themselves there.

From the Lys to the Somme the enemy delivered a somewhat violent bombardment on our positions.

Calm prevails in the region of Erbeles, Saint Aulré, Le Quesnoy and Poilchoir, north-west of Roye.

On the front between the Somme and the Argonne we gained a little ground, in the Argonne, in the Bois de la Grotte, in the Bois Bolante and the Bois Courte Chaussee.

On the heights of the Meuse several German counter-attacks were repulsed.

In the Bois Bouchot, north-west of Troyon, the enemy, who had carried our trenches near the redoubt of the Bois Brule, west of Apremont, was driven out of them after three successive counter-attacks.

In Upper Alsace we are closely investing Steinbach, following on a violent action, and we have seized the ruins of the chateau north west of the village.—Reuter.

Monday night's French communiqué, which did not reach London until yesterday owing to the storm, was, says Reuter, as follows:—

Throughout the day a violent storm prevented operations along the greater part of the front. It is reported, however, that we made some progress in the Argonne.

ADVANCE ON ROULERS.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 29.—A correspondent of the *Telegraph* states that, although Roulers has not been evacuated by the Germans, the Allies are certainly making progress towards that town. The Germans have ordered the inhabitants of Sleyhaeghe to clear out of the place.

Sleyhaeghe is a hamlet where the roads from Ypres, Bruges and Roulers meet. It lies four kilometres north-west of Roulers, and is threatened by the Allies' artillery.

The village of Staden, three kilometres nearer to Dixmude, is in the hands of the Germans, but it lies in the battle area. Oostnieuwkerke has also been evacuated under the same circumstances as Sleyhaeghe.

The inhabitants of these and other villages are now in Roulers, Isegem and other places behind the front.

The Germans are using the stones and beams of destroyed houses for repairing the roads.—Central News.

BELGIANS PLAY FOOTBALL

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BRUXELLES, Dec. 28.—Feeling that they are waging a victorious war, the soldiers of the

Allies in the trenches in Belgium are as happy as can be. And none are happier than the Belgians.

They fight and regard every inch regained of their beloved land as so much captured for freedom and the emancipation of the world.

The British soldiers were hugely delighted with their Christmas presents from the homeland, and in spite of the rigours of the weather and the fact that there was no break in the war, they celebrated their Christmas as much as possible in the way they would at home.

King Albert sent a gift of twenty-five cigars to every one of his soldiers, and it is said that one out of every packet will be retained as a souvenir of the Christmas spent in the trenches.

The Belgian soldiers have just one little yearning. They see Thomas Atkins kicking a football about in his irresponsible spare moments, and they wish to imitate him. But the best they can manage is a ball of paper tied up with string. They would dearly like some real footballs.

It is now felt that the Germans are held fast in Flanders.

"THE BRITISH NAVY ONCE MORE ON TOP."

Zeppelins Prove Their Uselessness During the Air Raid on Cuxhaven.

HARWICH, Dec. 28.—Information in Harwich to-night is to the effect that the bombs dropped by British seaplanes on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day must have caused damage.

It is confidently believed that the gasworks were hit, and that some injury was done to military fortifications.

The case with which the cruisers *Arctura* and *Undaunted* put to flight two Zeppelins is taken as evidence that airship assaults do not possess the value that the enemy appear to have attributed to them as a factor in naval fighting.

The British cruisers fired many shots at the airships, and it is reported that portions of the under-works were struck.

It is confirmed here that some of our ships had narrow escapes from bombs, but, as sailors have since remarked, "a miss is as good as a mile."

"I don't think very much of the German bomb-droppers as fancy shots," said another bluejacket.

"It seemed that we were perfectly safe so long as they were aiming at us, and the great fear was that you might be hit by a shot intended for another object some distance away."

The submarine attack on our ships was rendered abortive by clever seamanship, and, though torpedoes were fired again and again, no found the mark.

All the men who took part in the battle agree that the British Navy once more came out on top.

The only tinge of regret is caused by the uncertainty as to the fate of Flight Commander Hewlett.

"DARING ACHIEVEMENT."

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The *Tribune*, in a leading article to-day, says:—

"The expedition clear across the North Sea to the very heart of Germany's best-defended coast line is a most brilliant and daring achievement, and puts the Hartlepool bombardment in the shade as a feat of arms."

It also appears to have been free from the brutal assault on non-combatants which marked the German raid.—Reuter.

According to the *New York Times*, four U.S. officers who have been attached to the British *Tennant* declared in a interview that British military airmen were the best in Europe.

The French were brilliant as individuals, they declared, but as a military unit the British were the most efficient.—Reuter.

"COVERED WITH INFAMY BY THE KAISER."

German Socialists' Call to the World to Save Germany from Prussian Militarism.

A stern indictment of the Kaiser and his "perjured statesmen" as enemies of mankind has been published as a New Year appeal to Socialists in Europe and America by the committee of the German Humanity League. The appeal, says the Exchange, is as follows:—

Dear Comrades,—On the eve of a New Year which opens upon scenes of foul and ruthless crimes, unparalleled even in the massacre rolls of our nation's infamous accomplices at Constantinople, we appeal to our brethren on the Continent of Europe and in the United States to hide themselves behind the screen of neutrality.

We are face to face with the enemies of mankind. The German nation, driven into a wicked war by the Kaiser and his military entourage, covered by perjured statesmen in the Reichstag and by false records circulated in every State in order to deceive our compatriots, has recklessly hurled itself blindfolded against forces which, sustained by indispensible moral considerations, show no signs of weakening in their determination to expel from Belgium the troops which have covered her habitations with blood and irreparably injured an innocent nation our rulers had sworn to protect.

We ask you to remember that the territory of no German State has been menaced by the Allies, who are lawfully and honourably defending the plain rights of the cruelly outraged Belgians.

Fellow workers, can you longer remain idle and silent spectators of these stupendous crimes?

Do you not see amid the maiming and slaughter of innocent, unarmed old men, women, children and infants at the breast that the Kaiser has covered our nation with imperishable infamy, and the toll of war means the sacrifice of the precious lives of the toilers and wage earners in a devilish campaign, barbaric in its methods upon sea as upon land?

NATION DISGRACED.

We know from authentic intelligence that a restless, indignant and deceived democracy now undergoing privations and nursing its griefs cannot be restrained by force from active protest, and we most earnestly appeal to every comrade who cares for the maintenance of international obligations to strive his utmost to crush and sweep away for ever the domination of Prussian militarism within Germany, which by its conspiracy against humanity has disgraced and humiliated our nation in the eyes of the civilised world.

(Signed) Karl Bernstein, Jacob Mamelodorf, Ernst Grot, Conrad Schwabe, Gustav Ochs, Ernst Schuster, Franz Gausson, Albrecht Zettel, Rotterdam, December 29.

GERMAN RUSE FAILS.

Lieutenant H. G. Winton, 2nd Suffolk Regiment, who was recently promoted from the ranks for gallantry on the battlefield, describes in a letter home a German ruse which failed.

"My men noticed some men in khaki digging behind a hedge some distance in front of us, so I ordered a few shots to be fired into them," he writes.

"Instantly about two dozen Germans dressed in khaki stood up with their hands up to surrender; so we sent two patrols along old trenches to fetch them in."

"We soon found out their ruse. They thought that we should all go out to fetch them in, and they would then have mown us down by a party of over a hundred which they had concealed in the wood and would have retaken the trenches."

"When they saw that we were not to be 'had' the party in the wood fired on our patrols."

"Instantly we put volleys into them

AUSTRIANS IN FLIGHT OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

Defeated Army Declines Battle and Struggles Through Passes of the Carpathians.

15,000 PRISONERS TAKEN.

Is the Austrian Army nearing the end of its inglorious career?

What appears to be a shattering blow has been delivered against it by the Russians. The Austrian troops are now in disorderly flight through the passes of the Carpathian mountains. They are surrendering by thousands, and a Petrograd telegram declares that the dissolution of the Austrian Army is at hand.

Very significant are the admissions made in the Austrian official communiqué. "The Austrians," it declares, "declined battle with the Russians, and withdrew to positions nearer to the ridge of the Carpathians."

Between December 18 and 22 the Russians announce that they captured 15,000 prisoners and forty machine guns.

In Poland the Germans continue to hurl themselves against the impregnable Russian wall of steel, incurring heavy losses without compensating gains.

DRIVEN ACROSS RIVER.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 28.—A dispatch from the Headquarters Staff of the Commander-in-Chief states:—

Between the Lower Vistula and the Pilitsa there have been no engagements of importance. Partial attacks by the Germans were repulsed.

The Germans had particularly heavy losses during their attack to the south-east of Skierniewice.

Between the Pilitsa and the Upper Vistula the enemy is acting on the defensive. Russian troops took the village of Tochniki.

The left bank of the Nida is definitely cleared of the enemy.

South of the Upper Vistula, on the line Opatow-Bietz, operations continue to develop favourably for the Russians.

From December 18 to 26 we have captured 200 officers, 15,000 men and forty machine guns.

DISORDERLY FLIGHT.

The retirement of the enemy from the Dukla Pass and on the Lisko roads is becoming disorderly in character.

On December 26 in this district the Russians made 5,000 prisoners.

The enemy's operations associated with the transport of troops from the neighbourhood of Czeszochowa towards the Carpathians were met by a Russian counter-maneuvre, and ended in the failure of the enemy's attempt.—Central News.

TURKS' HEAVY LOSSES.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 28.—The following communiqué from the Headquarters of the Army in the Caucasus is published here to-day:—

In the direction of Oli our troops, having crossed the River Laurin, checked the progress of large Turkish forces.

In the region of Izykamsch the fighting is developing.

On the 26th inst., in the region of Datal, our advance culminated in the occupation of the line Khamour-Aganz. The Turks retired with heavy losses and many of their number were captured.

On the other hand there is no change in the situation.

The above relates to the operations of the Russian troops against the Turks in Eastern Anatolia.

Fighting seems to be taking place in two zones over a wide front in the Olti region, north-east of Erzerum, and in the Alashgurd district, south-east of Erzerum.—Reuter.

BATTLE DECLINED.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 28 (delayed in transmission).—An official communiqué issued in Vienna at noon to-day says:—

North of the Dukla Pass our troops declined an attack by the Russians, and are now in positions nearer to the ridge of the Carpathians.

Between the Biala and the Dunajec, in the district north-east of Zakliczyn, very fierce hostile attacks were repulsed. Otherwise nothing important has occurred on the north-eastern front.

In the south, except for some skirmishing on the frontier, all was quiet. The Serbians have again blown up the bridge over the Danube at Semlin.—Reuter.

"NEARING THE END."

PETROGRAD, Dec. 29.—It is possible to gather from the last official dispatch that the Austrian Army is nearing dissolution.

It is surrendering prisoners in thousands and is struggling in disorderly fashion through the Carpathian passes.

The Russians are now holding the Germans in check on the Lower Vistula and the Pilitsa.

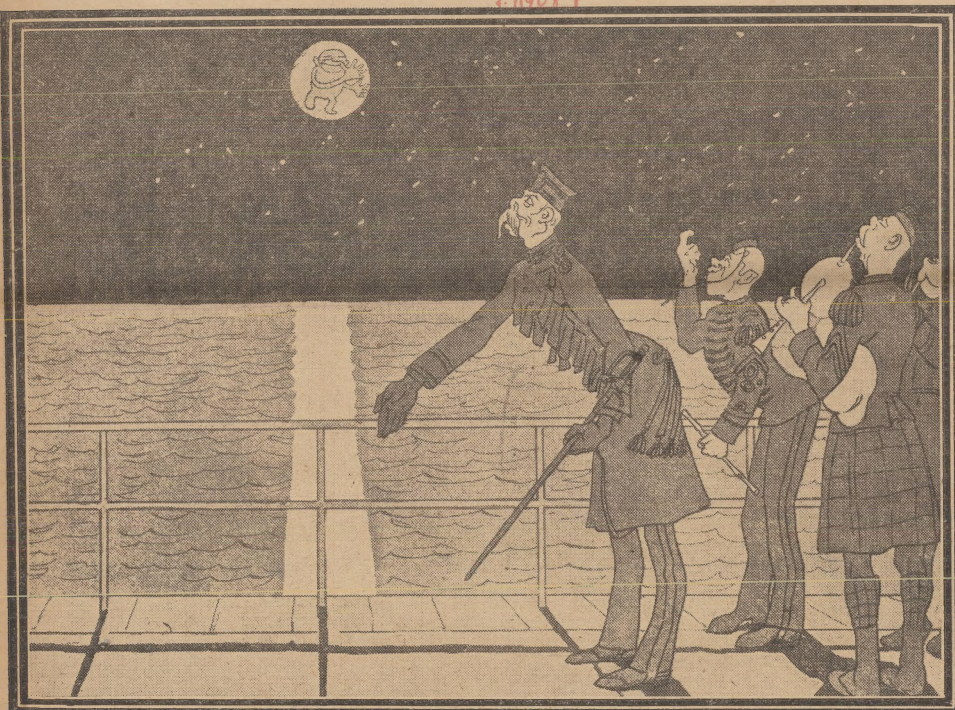
So far the Germans have shattered their armies in vain against the solid wall of the Russian troops and have lost many thousands in killed and wounded.—Central News.



In the British trenches at the front. A quiet moment, when everybody turned their backs on the enemy and faced the camera.

BRITAIN WOOING THE MAN IN THE MOON.

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A German cartoon depicting Lord Kitchener and his military friends begging the Man in the Moon to come down and be a British recruit. Lord Kitchener is supposed to say: "If you will only come we will give you eighteen shillings a day." German newspapers say that the British Army cannot get recruits.

A REAL FAIRY QUEEN.

P. 16324



Little Miss Lennie Deane, the charming child actress and dancer, who is the Fairy Queen in the Aldwych Theatre pantomime, "Cinderella."

M.P. DEAD.

P. 1352



Colonel Harrison Broadley, Unionist M.P. for Howden, died suddenly yesterday.

NEW MEMBER.

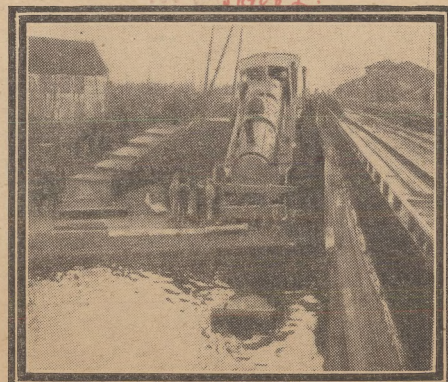
P. 922 B



Mr. W. C. Anderson, who has been elected as Labour M.P. for Attercliffe, Sheffield.

TRAIN AT THE WATER JUMP.

9.11908 F



This ammunition train went in for a little steeplechasing, and made a highly unsuccessful attempt to take a water jump in the shape of a canal.

WHITELEYS

WINTER SALE

COMMENCES TO-DAY

PRESENT FASHIONS

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT AT
REDUCED PRICES



Lot 4. Girls' Frocks, in Stripe, Plaid, or Check materials. Sizes 4 to 26 in. Sale Price 12/- each.

C 7—Elegant Gown, in rich Satin Charmeuse, Navy, Saxe, Black, Terra-cotta, Purple, and Green only; with hand-made Collar of hemstitched White Ninon. Usual Price 6 Gns. Sale Price 4 Gns.



Model 201. An ideal Sports Corset, with Elastic above waist. Sizes 20 to 26. Sale Price 2/11½

I.O. 203. Cosy Lamb's-wool Dressing Gown, with Spotted Muslin Collar and Cuffs. In Red, Sky, Pink, Tango, Reseda, Royal, Powder and Bronze. Sale Price 15/9



Bl. 3. Ivory Japanese Silk Shirt, piped button holes and fastened with flat pearl buttons. Sizes 13 to 15 in. Sale Price 5/9



I.O. 11. Cambrie Night-dresses, trimmed Swiss Embroidery, with V-shaped Neck. Sale Price 3/11

FURNITURE, CARPETS AND EVERYTHING FOR THE COMPLETE FURNISHING OF THE HOME ALSO AT BARGAIN PRICES.

Wm. Whiteley Ltd., By Special Appointment
QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1914.

PLODDING ON.

RUMOURS SEEM to have reached Berlin, in the early weeks of the war, to the effect that London was in flames, Paris occupied, Brussels burnt, the Russians buried, the Serbians exterminated: no doubt these optimistic accounts (from the Berlin point of view) hugely encouraged—and perhaps still do encourage—the blustering militarists who now roam those streets, from morn to night, seeking what news they may devour. Such reports always cheer the lookers-on in war time; though hitherto in London we have not shown quite the same disposition to swallow them as has been displayed in Germany. Let us, too, however, be careful of the tendency to believe in any sudden collapse of the war on account of opinions heard or written of the state of mind in the countries most affected.

We shall be told, one morning, that Berlin is secretly anxious, that dissatisfaction is being expressed by riots, that Bavaria is dissociated from Prussia, that nobody has any money left in Germany, that financial collapse or food shortage is imminent; and so on. Similarly, from Austria will come—has come, indeed—the news or the rumour that everybody there is in despair, that Hungary is going to separate, that Count Tisza and Count Berchtold are repentant of their sins, that famine threatens Vienna. . . . Immediately the mind conceives a sudden crashing in of the roof of the slowly-burnt house. Up leap the flames, the idiot diplomatists clearly seen roasting amongst them; on rush the Allies; all is over; peace is at hand.

Unfortunately these rumours of difficulties abroad are like little side-winds and negligible currents having no real importance for the general movement going steadily on. The main physiognomy of the huge prolonged battle is not this—not flames leaping up and Germany and Austria collapsing, but, far rather and more generally, the ceaseless plod, plod of a sort of slow-moving and constantly-retreating siege, in which we on our side, by sheer weight and ramming power, have day by day monotonously to wear down the others. For this slow pressure every ship in our Navy and every man in our new Army are wanted. Slowly the weight must be increased, week by week. Financial pressure, food difficulties, producing in turn political troubles over there—these may tell in the end. But in any event, though important, they can be contributory causes. We shall do well to remember the siege, which can be won only by increased weight, whenever we hear or read that Vienna has no morning rolls, that people are weeping in the Sieges Allee of Berlin—weeping in front of those statues, that Count Tisza accounts the nerve strain too much for him, or that the Kaiser has gone mad. These things don't matter. They matter scarcely any more than, for us, did the imaginary burning of London. They are at the best possibilities. Meanwhile all about us is the visible reality of the siege. . . . W. M.

AT DOVER.

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Strait:—on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen you hear the grating roar,
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a dark plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

—MATTHEW ARNOGD.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

RUMOURISM.

THE RUMOURIST is already meeting with his doom, for people are refusing to believe him, and insist upon seeing official news in black and white.

After all, I think the rumourist is more to be pitied than blamed. It is a kind of disease with him, and he is only happy when making, or trying to make, someone's flesh creep. . . . FACTS.

"SOCIAL SUPERIORITY."

SNOBBERY IS ONE of the banes of this country, particularly amongst women. Hence we get such opinions as those of some of our correspondents about the social superiority of

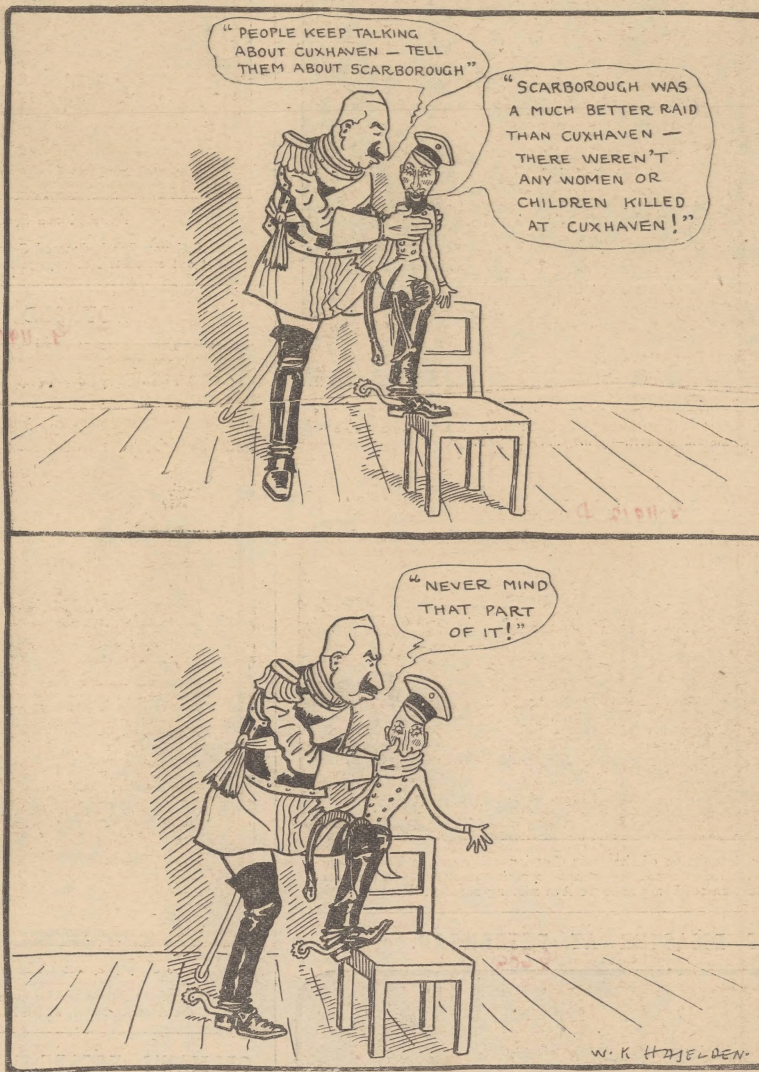
"typists" would be better employed and more in their "proper" sphere as domestics. It is also quite palpable that a few domestic servants of various grades, employed sometimes by inferior masters and mistresses, are out of their sphere, and should be more intelligently occupied.

There is a queer "mix up" nowadays in the various vocations of life, probably owing to the better free education, of which the lower middle classes take full advantage.

This causes the uncertainty your correspondents note in the matter of "class."

There are many gentlewomen employed as typists, etc., shopgirls, and even, as domestic servants, owing, perhaps, to unfortunate circumstances, and it is exceedingly narrow-

BIG WILLIE AS VENTRILOQUIST ENTERTAINER.



Clown Prince, like a stuff doll, echoes what Kaiser says. Only, sometimes he makes a bad mistake and lets out something he should have suppressed and annoys Kaiser papa.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

typists and lots of other women workers over domestic servants, who are generally much more useful people.

As a matter of fact, women of good birth, but poor, will more and more tend to go into domestic service, in view of the great demand for them and the good wages that can be procured by an excellent cook or a lady nurse. Meanwhile the snobs can lug to themselves their sense of superiority as typists or "secretaries" or people who teach the piano.

I hope the war will bring some common sense into our snobbishness. . . . S. C.

WHAT UTTER nonsense! Isn't it plain that any person employed by another person or persons in any position is a servant of the employer? Cannot "B." and "Shortland Typist" find anything better to do than try to distinguish between "servant" and "typist"? It is taken for granted that many so-called

typists, though some may be so, individually. . . . K. F. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Silence is the ambrosial night in the intercourse of friends, in which their sincerity is recruited and takes deeper root. The language of friends is not words, but meanings. 'Tis an intelligence above language.—Thoreau.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Some Experiences with Our Belgian Guests in London.

PAST AND FUTURE.

MUCH MAY BE done to help the brave Belgians, but I sometimes doubt whether our own poor efforts are of much avail.

Two friends of mine and I have had the charge of a family of four, and as none of us is able to take them into her house we have hired a furnished flat for them. They are exceedingly kind and most grateful—for our small help, but I must say they seem to do nothing but compare conditions of life here with those at home, to the disadvantage of London. The phrase we seem to hear most often is: "Oh, but, madame, at home we do not do this or eat that; we do so-and-so and so-and-so."

I dare say their way is better, but one thinks they might be happier if they grew used to our way for a little.

What our Belgian guests chiefly need in their trouble is work. They want something to absorb them and to take their minds off the past and its sadness. Few of them fail to realise that better days are coming, and I try to get them to think about those coming times. . . . C. H. E. Manson-place, S.W.

NO CRITICISMS.

"W. M.'s" OVERVIEW, N.E.S. about the effect of pudding on over-critical Belgians didn't trouble us much. The two Belgians who have been with us since the middle of October seemed to enjoy the fare we gave them very much.

There were no criticisms, but such a good sense of fraternity! It would have done some of your doubting correspondents good to see the cordiality between people once strangers, now united by a common sympathy. The Belgians have much to teach us, and I am sure we have a great deal to learn from them. . . . E. F. M. Wimbledon.

A CHANCE TO LEARN.

A LETTER by one of your correspondents reveals only too clearly how miserably deficient we are in French in this country.

One meets a good many people who read or understand French, but so very few seem to speak it. It is a chief difficulty with the Belgians.

As far as I can see, however, it is the Belgians who make efforts to learn English—not we who learn French from them. Yet now we have a chance of remedying our deficiency in this respect.

IGNORANT BUT ASHAMED. . . . Hampstead.

GERMAN METHODS.

IN ANSWER to "V. D. F.," I adhere to my statement that the Germans have captured our trade by the use of low down methods that a Britisher would scorn to use.

As an example, I might mention that German goods have been deliberately passed off as British, German cutlery sold with Sheffield marks, and German glue sold on a French sample. These are a few instances which have come to my knowledge, but they are enough to prove that the German in war and peace is the same—dishonest and without scruple. . . . BUSINESS.

IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 29.—During the winter months much may be done to improve the condition of the soil. The most difficult soil to deal with is, perhaps, that of a clayey nature.

During dry, open weather it should be deeply dug and mixed with plenty of straw and sandy material, ashes from the garden fire and leaf mould. It is wise to leave the surface very rough until the spring comes—indeed, it is best to set it up in ridges. Frost and rain will then powder it down. . . . E. F. T.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM.



Just eighteen days before this photograph was taken this brave Siberian regiment was composed of 4,000 men and seventy-two officers. After little more than a fortnight's fighting these were all the officers left.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

A GREAT RAILWAY AFTER BEING BOMBARDED.



This photograph shows the destruction of the main Russian railway line Kalich-Lodz-Warsaw. Everything has been destroyed by the enemy's guns and by fire. In the background to the left Russian soldiers are to be seen moving among the ruins.

LIFEBOAT DISASTER AT PETERHEAD.



The Peterhead lifeboat, The Alexander Tulloch, was wrecked while attempting to rescue the crew of the Hull trawler Tomtit. Three of the lifeboatmen lost their lives a few yards from the shore. The photograph shows the wrecked lifeboat.

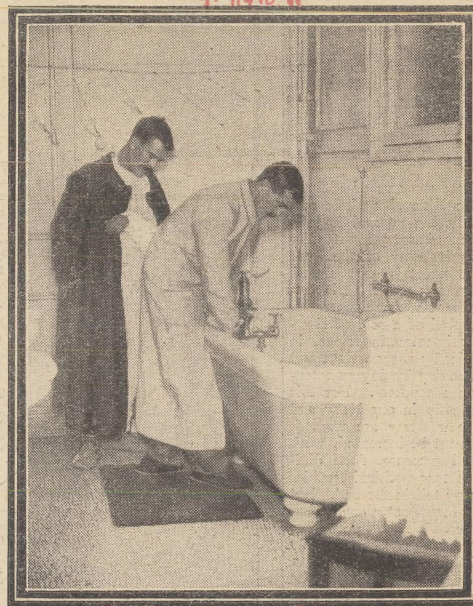
THE LAST VOYAGE OF ADMIRAL



Admiral von Spee's last smile.

Admiral von Spee's doomed German fleet in the harbour at Valparaiso just before they went out on their last voyage to be sunk by Admiral Sturdee's British squadron. The

WOUNDED "TOMMIES" LEAD THE LIFE OF THE



An orderly prepares his bath in a luxurious bathroom.

Our wounded soldiers are for once in a way leading the life of millionaires in a millionaire's hotel, the Astoria, Paris, which has in the past been the Parisian quarters of the world's



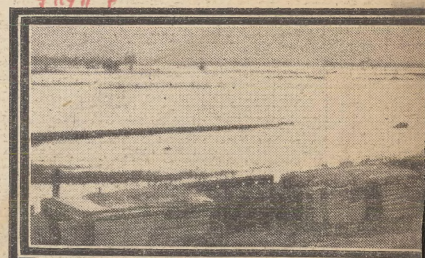
A nice "cosy"

GERMAN'S ESCAPE.



John Jurgen Kuhr, the German who escaped from Newcastle Gaol. He was recaptured on the prison premises.

ENTRENCHED AT WATER'S



Although it is difficult to realise, these huts in the flooded Flanders. Far away across the floods there are The Germans now admit that they cannot

VON SPEE'S DOOMED FLEET.

9584 X



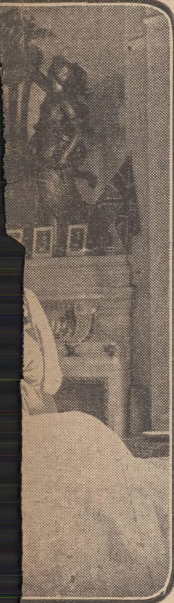
The doomed German ships in Valparaiso Harbour.

Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau and the Leipzig are on the left of the larger photograph. In the other we see Admiral von Spee.

"IDLE RICH" IN THE MILLIONAIRE'S HOTEL.

91910 W

91910 W

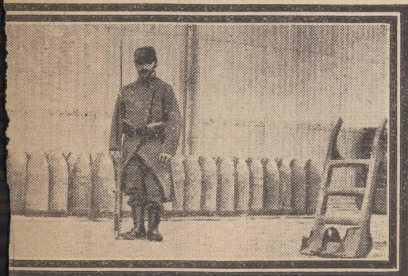


to read in.

Afternoon tea brought in by the orderly—cigars, too.

wealthiest men. Our men are naturally enjoying their unusually luxurious surroundings, which are in marked contrast to their quarters in the trenches.

ENTS FOR THE KAISER.



drawn up in a most orderly fashion and look very parade ground.

NEW GENERAL.

P. 16415



Colonel (Temporary Brigadier-General) Richard C. B. Haking, C.B., who has been promoted to major-general.

A GREAT VIADUCT DESTROYED.

9.11911 J



This great French railway viaduct had to be blown up during the operations of the war. It is only one of many such structures that French engineers will have to rebuild, with all their natural skill for the work, after the war.

COLONIAL WEDDING.

P. 16521



Major the Rev. R. Steacey, Senior Chaplain of the Canadian Forces, and his bride. She is a daughter of Queensland's Premier.

VICTORIA TO BERLIN.

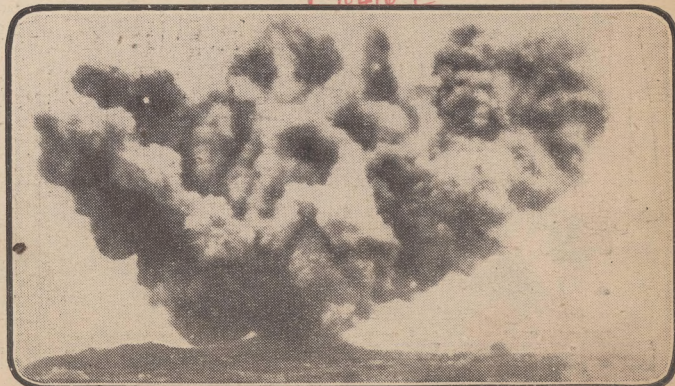
9.11908 F



New route for the London motor-omnibus, but not yet included in the company's official guide. It is Tommy's little joke.

HOW A TWELVE INCH SHELL EXPLODES.

9.10416 F



This remarkable photograph shows the explosion of a projectile from a 12in. field howitzer during the war. The projectile was fired by one of the Austrian batteries, which were afterwards captured by the Russians after a desperate encounter.

H.C. RUSSELL

Great Ten Days' RE-BUILDING SALE

Commences TO-DAY at Nine o'Clock.

The Original Premises in Sidney Place are to be immediately rebuilt on the most up-to-date lines. **DRASTIC REDUCTIONS** have been made to avoid damage to stocks, which will have to be transferred to the Leicester Square and Wardour Street Sections during the re-building.

"THE PEGGY"

An Ex-ceptional Purchase Girls' Smart Yankee Design School Frocks, of Navy Cloth with contrasting Collar, Cuffs and Pippings. Colours of Collar—Green Plaid or Khaki Plaid, Gold and small buttons. A limited number only.

A Personal Visit is invited.

Sale Prices
24in. 3/11½
30in. 4/11½
36in. 5/11½

No. 4327. Nainsook Combinations, trimmed fine Valenciennes Lace, Insertions and Ribbon Bandings. Sale Price 4/11½. Post Free in U.K. In Outsize, Post Free, 5/11½.

No. 8 4571. Dainty White Mull Combinations, trimmed Valenciennes Insertions, Lace, Embroidery Medallions and Ribbon Bandings, as sketch. Sale Price 7/11½. Post Free.

No. 8 4567. Batiste Nightdress in White, Sky or Pale Pink, very daintily trimmed Valenciennes Lace, back and front, Ribbon Velling and wide embroidery Muslin, threaded Ribbons. Sale Price 4/11½. Post Free.

No. 8 4567. Price 4/11½

No. 8 4566. Price 4/11½

Unique Bargains in Coats and Costumes.

Short Illustrated Lists — of the — Principal Bargains in Millinery, — Coats, — Lingerie, Corsets, etc., sent post free on request.

THE "LANCER" A Navy Nap Coat, in thick, good quality Pilot Cloth, cut military shape with high collar, wide skirt and wide belt. Post Free in U.K. Sale Price 21/9

THE "BUSSAR" Smart Black Pony Cloth Coat, up-to-date shape, finished with wide belt of material and stand-up Collar. Post Free in U.K. Sale Price 21/9

THE "CALEDONIA" A Limited Number Only of Grey Tweed Coats, as illustration. Usual Price 14/11. Post Free in U.K. Sale Price 9/11

WARDOUR STREET, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.

Pontings

GREAT SALE

THIS DAY.

We are making this Sale an opportunity for offering Bargains of really sensational character. The times demand economy, whether one's purse be heavy or scantily filled, and we have made unprecedented efforts accordingly to render prices attractive. The qualities are sound and reliable, and the bargains are gathered thickly in every department. Come TO-DAY, or send now for Post Free Bargain List.



No. 157M. Perfectly Tailored Suit, in best quality Cheviot Frieze. Coat lined to waist, wide loose belt, well cut skirt, with control lap seam. Both Coat and Skirt trimmed large coloured buttons to tone. Colours: Cerise, Grey, Saxe, Mole, Purple, Brown. Usual price 52. Sale Price 20/-



No. 508M. — 2-Dome-Reindeer Fabric Gloves, in Grey & Beaver. Sale Price, pair 1/-



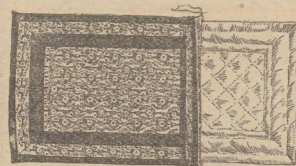
No. 512M. — Handsomely embroidered wide Net Flouncing, shades Fern and Ivory. Per yd. Sale Price 1/6

Clearance of Rich SILKS.

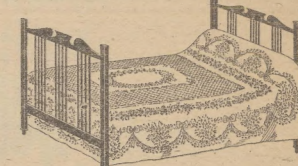
Corduroy Velveteens, best quality, in Black and most colours. 22ins. wide. Usually 3/11½ yd. Sale Price 1/6½
Floral Ninons de Soie, with white and black grounds, printed floral designs. 42ins. wide. Usually 1/11½ yd. Sale Price 1/0½
Black Brocade Velveteen, suitable for mantles, cloaks, &c. 29ins. wide. Usually 6/11 yd. Sale Price 3/11½

Extraordinary offer of FABRICS.

Sponge Gabardine, good quality, in Tete de Negre, Tango, Orange, Rose, and Pink. 50ins. wide. Usually 5/11 yd. Sale Price 1/11½
Printed Voiles, in various colours and designs, best quality. 27ins. wide. Usually sold at 1/3 yd. 9d. Sale Price 1/11½
Printed Cotton Crepes, White grounds, with Rosebud designs. 42ins. wide. Usually sold at 1/11½ yd. Sale Price 1/0½



No. 501M. — Down Quilt Covers. Many an old quilt can be made to look quite new by using one of Pontings' famous Down Quilt Covers. We have a bargain in these covers, with borders in either Pink, Green or Art Blue, at ridiculous prices. 6ft. x 4ft. Usually 5/11½. Sale Price 3/11½
6ft. x 4ft. Usually 6/11½. Sale Price 4/6½
6ft. x 5ft. Usually 8/11½. Sale Price 4/11½



No. 502M. — The "Sweet Pea" Bedspread. This over-popular pattern, one of the best of our Surrey Prints, is being offered at Half usual prices. Single Bed size ... 4/11½ ... 2/11½ each
Double Bed size ... 8/11½ ... 4/11½ each
Made with Pink, Blue and Mauve Sweet Peas, all with green leaves as nature.

PONTINGS, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

At the Nuns Are Doing.

I had a letter yesterday from a friend who is doing Red Cross work—real work, not the amateur kind—not very far behind the fighting line. She tells me all sorts of things that I had better not repeat, but she does speak very highly of the work the nuns are doing among the sick and wounded soldiers.

They Would Not Go.

One hospital in Flanders was shelled a few weeks ago. It was in a convent and the fire got so hot that doctors and patients—those of them who could move—were forced to get away as hard as they could. "But the nuns refused to desert their convent-cum-hospital," writes my friend, "and remained to attend to their patients."

Danced with Their Patients.

"These nuns, by the way," she adds, "had never spoken to a man for years and at first were very cold and dignified, but they have warmed by dancing with them to the gramophone. They are doing their work with magnificent determination."

A Friendly Discussion.

The other day, this same correspondent tells me, a German officer threw into the French trenches a note addressed to the officer in command, saying: "Come over to us, ours is a good Government and it is foolish to fight us. We are better prepared and equipped than you, and ours is a happier country to live in." The Frenchman replied with another note, which read: "No. You come and try our Government. You will like it. We are quite satisfied, only sorry to have to keep on killing you. Be well advised and come over."

Thought They'd Try It.

To this the Germans replied with the brief message: "Don't fire for ten minutes, we are discussing your proposition." Ten minutes later a couple of hundred German officers and men surrendered. My friend adds that this story is entirely credited by those around her, some of whom claim actually to have taken part in the negotiations.

Molly-coddle Taxi Men.

What a miserable show the London taxi men made compared with his weather-beaten old predecessors during Monday night's gale. I never knew the storm that would drive the old horse cab drivers off the streets, but Monday night's brief "bizzard" sent the taxi men scotching home like rabbits and left a long-suffering public without that service of cabs to which it is entitled when it most needed it.

Who is the Servant?

One friend of mine was at West Kensington in the early hours of yesterday morning, and he wanted to get to Maida Vale. After spending half an hour whistling and shouting at passing taxicabs, two drivers who did him the honour of pulling up refused to go to Maida Vale at all, and gave no reason for their refusal. The third dictated his own terms before taking him, and he paid 10s. for a journey for which the clock ticked up only 3s. 2d.

Time Someone Enforced the Rules.

The old-time "cabby" was a fine old brigand, but in emergencies he stood by you and earned his money. The taxi men who did face the weather tried the brigand rôle quickly enough, but most of them preferred to be molly-coddles. And it is not only in bad weather that the molly-coddle shows in the new style "cabby." On Christmas Day, particularly in the evening, hardly a cab was to be found. On one rank I use frequently not a cab appeared all day. Modern "cabby" is making too much money or is getting too genteel or something. Anyhow, the cab service is supposed to exist for the benefit of the public. Isn't it time that the authorities saw to it that an efficient service was enforced?

Those Doors.

And talking of taxis, will there ever arise a genius who can make a taxicab door or window to open and close easily? Or is the unyielding door a device of the driver's to ensure that nobody may escape quickly from the cab without paying a fare?

Presledoouszczij.

One of my Russian friends announced cheerfully to me yesterday that the Grand Duke Nicholas's army was presledoouszczij Germans. I said I was not sure, but that it might be. He said: "Yes, but what is it?"

Our Fearful and Wonderful Telephone.

I have heard of another merry jest of our inimitable telephone service. A friend of mine who lives in Westminster is made to play his part in it by rising in the middle of the night to answer calls he has never originated, and when he protests he is told that his flat is a call office. Of course, he protests that it isn't, but that seems to be part of the joke. Exchange then tells him severely that it is.

Why He Wanted Birmingham.

Sometimes they put a trunk call through to him. The other night he shivered while the telephone-jester announced, "You're through to Birmingham." "But I don't want Birmingham," he replied. "Yes, you do," said the joker. "You're a call office." That didn't seem to convince my friend any more than he could convince the exchange that he was not at a call office. They are wonderful people, these telephone wags.

A Christmas Card from the Trenches.

I have to thank a horse gunner of the 14th Brigade for this cheerful Christmas card, which he directed to me on Christmas Day from the front. It is designed, he says, by



his general, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and is printed by men of the 4th Corps in the field. How near this cheery gunner is to the enemy you may judge from this extract from his letter to me.

How They Spent Christmas.

"Very quiet to-day," he says. "The Germans have been shouting across to our trenches: 'Bully beef' and our boys soon answered back: 'German sausage.' I think much worse could happen on Christmas Day." And so do I. Good luck to him.

Believes in Night Work.

General Rawlinson is a fine soldier, who has for many years trained his men in the art of night fighting. During the South African campaign his troops were brought to such a high state of efficiency in this work that it was said they could manoeuvre as well in the dark as in the daytime.

Why the Moon Did Not Rise.

Apologies of his love for fighting in the dark, he tells a good story against himself or his theory. "Always consult an Almanack," he told an audience at the United Service Institution some seven years ago. On one occasion in South Africa when troops were directed to march at 9.30 p.m., when the moon rose, they waited in vain. No moon appeared, and considerable confusion and delay arose in consequence. Then some bright spirit discovered that on that particular night there was a total eclipse of the moon!

Always That Left Boot.

Watch your boots and shoes if you ride often in tramway-cars or omnibuses, and disregard the injunction to wait until the vehicle stops. You will find that the left sole invariably calls for repairs while the right one is still sound—because your weight as you alight, and

In "The New Clown."

Miss Nina Boucicault, the charming actress who is making a welcome reappearance in the revival of "The New Clown," has done quite a lot of travelling in her time. She has acted her father's famous play, "The Colleen Bawn," in many parts of the world, and in this play she used to enjoy many hair-raising adventures from the very complicated scenery that was carried. Once she fell off a rock into the green cloth sea and cut herself badly.



Miss Nina Boucicault.

The German Super.

In the "Colleen Bawn," again, she experienced a very comic if disconcerting adventure. There was a German super engaged in the company, and an English super—who even in those days hated the Germans—told this innocent subject of the Kaiser that whenever Miss Boucicault raised her hands to her lips (which she often did in this play) he, as a good super, was to raise his voice and sing aloud. Until he was hustled off the stage by the infuriated stage manager this German regularly punctuated Miss Boucicault's gestures with loud Teutonic howls.

Courtesy—German Brand.

I have heard many stories of the Germans' own peculiar brand of courtesy, but few, I think, to equal these, which come to me from a friend in Italy. He has recently been in Vienna, where he met a Mme. V., Hungarian by birth, but Belgian by marriage, who was recently given a "safe conduct" from Brussels to Vienna.

Pleasure for Him.

She relates that General Baron von Hutertz, military governor of Brussels, on three separate occasions presented himself, booted and spurred, in a Red Cross hospital served by Belgian ladies, and after assembling them round him, made the following kind of tactful speech: "Mesdames, I have pleasure in informing you that the Kaiser's forces yesterday inflicted a serious defeat on your Allies at such and such a place, killing so many thousand of your Allies, wounding so many thousand of your Allies, etc. Salut, mesdames!"

Real Gratitude!

Another example of Teutonic tact was given by a young Saxon officer who, after being cured of a grave wound by Brussels ladies in a Red Cross establishment, took leave of them in these words: "Merci, mesdemoiselles, for having restored me to a fit condition for returning to the front. How happy I am! It is so long since I killed a Belgian!"

"Tommy" Still Wants Footballs.

I have on my desk nearly a hundred letters from soldiers at home and in France asking if I can send them a football. One hundred footballs means pleasure for about 2,500 men who are facing all weathers and hardships and risking their lives to fight for you and me.

Fifty Wanted in Two Days.

In our football campaign we have secured nearly 650 footballs already. We want to reach 700 before to-morrow night—the end of the year. Will you send me a football for "Tommy" to-day? If you do you can reckon that you are providing many hours of enjoyment for twenty-five men at least—most probably for fifty men.

When the Taube Comes.

It's all very well for the authorities to tell us all to go into our basements or cellars when the German sends his bombs from the sky on to London, but what about the million or two Londoners who don't own a cellar or basement? "No basement" has been the modern householder's cry for years past, and even it seems that the gloomy mid-Victorian dwelling, with its cellar-like kitchens, had its points after all.

The Poor Flat Dweller.

Of course, there is always the Tube. I imagine there will be a big business done by the underground railways on the day when the Zeppelin or the Taube makes its appearance here. As for the man in the flat, he gets no chance at all. The suburban villa dweller can start to dig a "funk hole" in his small back garden, but the flat owner has no resources.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

"My name—is—Sylvia!" It was like signing her own death warrant to make that admission. Yet—she must get rid of the man. However Jack came to hear the truth, it must not be from the excited ravings of a half-demented man.

"Thank you," again Clair raised his hat. In the moonlight she saw the big face, grey and mottled still, but now the face of a normal and thoroughly ashamed man. "I am sorry to accept my most sincere apologies. I fear that I must have alarmed and distressed you very much. But I ask you to bear in mind that my troubles have very greatly upset me. I have been a very deeply wronged man."

Almost before Sylvia realised it, he was gone. The extraordinary scene was at an end. She saw the big figure stride across the lawn, and then it was swallowed up by the deep shadows of the trees.

She did not turn, or even move. She was conscious of Lane's presence beside her, like some awful brooding, crouching shadow that waited to spring.

Then he spoke, prefacing his words by the little laugh she had learned to know and dread, in those days that seemed so incredibly far off, at the shop in Sloane-street.

"So—my waiting has been rewarded, Sylvia," he said. "I did not require to speak, you see. I had only to wait—only to wait, and now, I have heard the truth from your own charming lips."

Still she did not move or speak. Something held her speechless, rigid. She felt his hand rest on her arm, and a feeling of sick terror rushed over her like a black wave of faintness. "Ah, Sylvia. When you used to play your pretty, demure part at the lace shop, distracting me with those downcast, provocative eyes of yours, did I ever guess all that lay behind that smooth little brow? Could any man ever have guessed at it? Poor old Hillier, for instance—even if he were not blind—"

His hand slid softly down her arm, clasped itself round her chill, trembling fingers.

"Turn round, Sylvia. Turn round. Look at me—I want to see those pretty grey eyes of yours in the moonlight. I haven't seen the old shy light in them for an age—"

At the touch of his hand on her cheek, the sensation of his nearness, a cry broke from her. "Don't touch me—don't dare to touch me," she cried, and broke away from him.

There will be a fine instalment tomorrow.

NEWS ITEMS.

Relief Fund Now \$4,253,000.

The Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund yesterday amounted to \$4,253,000.

2,500,000 Letters for Soldiers.

Two and a half million letters and parcels were sent to the front in the last week.

Baronet Killed.

News reached London to-day that Sir Montague, a Christmas festival.

Gift of a Machine.

Mr. D. A. Thomas, Mayor of Cardiff, presented the Cardiff Grenadier Guards with a machine gun.

Novel Unemployment Scheme.

The old memorial stones in the cemetery are to be cleaned and order to find work for the unemployed.

Eight Sergeants Carry Coffin.

General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny at Hove yesterday, eight sergeants of the West Surrey Regiment, carrying the coffin.

Two Notable Recruits.

New York, Dec. 29.—Mr. John Bigelow Dodge and Mr. Braxton Bigelow, grandsons of John Bigelow, the well-known American publicist and statesman, are joining the British Army—Central News.

Found Dead with Twopeople.

A verdict of Suicide was returned at a Westminster inquest yesterday on Ralph E. Danforth, a medical man, from Milwaukee, U.S.A., who was found dead in the Piccadilly Hotel with only two people in his pocket.

Left Boots in the Mud.

A private of the Welsh Fusiliers who is among the wounded who reached Cardiff yesterday said:—"I have seen men in the trenches pulling at their boots for over twenty minutes in an effort to get them out of the mud, and finally in going without their boots, and their boots are there now."

Race Train Murder Charge.

In connection with the Windsor race train tragedy, James O'Neill and Alfred Catling were remanded at the South-Western Police Court yesterday on a charge of the murder of Alfred Morton. Edward James, who had also been charged, was discharged, prosecuting counsel saying that he had evidently had nothing to do with Morton's death.

SNOW STOPS STEEPLECHASING.

No steeplechasing was possible at Wolverhampton yesterday owing to the heavy snow, which left the course covered with ice. The next race meeting will be held at Nonington, commencing on Friday.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



"Love looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is more selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being teased by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the fault of Lane, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

There is no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the morrow there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

away she catches sight of two letters which she is surprised to see. As she gets a letter from John Hillier, she is surprised to see that it is from Valerie.

As she reads, a sense of horror and pain comes over her. There, a temptation speeds swift to her heart. She is alone and practically alone. John Hillier is not with her. She knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and they are very similar.

I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you never know."

out to India, and passes herself off as a devoted wife to Valerie, and the deception is maintained for the whole world for years. He finds that there is something to live for. They are married very quietly.

At this time Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow where she meets her, and after understanding that she is married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes over Valerie's eyes.

That night, dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister is so excited. Later Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing is that Sylvia bursts into the room where Hillier is, and finds him in a state of collapse. Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers and Lane arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greyside, the beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane. When he arrives he shows no recognition.

Dr. Marston, the famous oculist, tells Hillier and after an operation tells Sylvia the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be as good as ever.

They return to Greyside together. One night, when Sylvia is walking in the garden, a man suddenly steps in front of her. It is Sir George Clair!

THE AMBUSH IN THE GARDEN.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR here, in these gardens of Sir George's house. . . Sylvia recognised the man instantly, and no apparition that could have appeared in this moonlit quiet could have terrified her more.

With some indignant words she strove to throw off his hand from her arm. The man's fingers only tightened with a painful pressure.

"Oh, no; not for a second time. I've got you fast now, my lady."

The gross face, not red now in the moonlight, but grey and mottled looking, was pushed very close to her own. She could feel his breath that came in short, quick gasps, hot on her cheek. There was strange light in the small,

closely set eyes as they scanned her face eagerly. A puzzled light, she was conscious of that.

"It's all very well for you to play hanky panky tricks, dye your hair an' all that. But you don't deceive me; my line is long and dark enough. Valerie, my wife. Come out into the moonlight, will you, and let's have a look at you! I can't see you plain enough here. There's a curious shadow playing on your face. The place is full of shadows. . . tricks and shadows, shadows and tricks."

Muttering to himself he drew her out roughly into the blaze of the moonlight that was turning the sleeping gardens to a white fairy land.

"Valerie, yes, it's you right enough." He turned up her face that he might examine it more closely, thrusting his fingers under her chin. "Yes, no doubt about it, the old crowd was right. And yet, she was dead!"

The confused mutterings died. Still holding her very tightly by the arm, Clair stared into Sylvia's face.

"What's that—what's that? What do you mean by spying on me? Who are you to stand in judgment against me, eh? I ask you that—leaving me at the very altar and running off with another man. What are you doing here? What's this blind fool Hillier to you? I ask you that. Does he know that you are my wife?"

His voice rose in a crescendo of anger, and Sylvia was filled with new terrors.

"How dare you? How dare you speak to me in this way? You are making some terrible mistake," she stammered.

She was terribly afraid. The man, if not made, was most certainly far from normal. The mere fact that he could even for a moment, knowing Valerie intimately as he did, have mistaken her for her sister, was proof enough of that.

"Oh, no!" Sir George Clair grinned. "It is you who are making a mistake, in dear, if you take me for the sort of fool who will allow himself to be gulled twice by the same woman. I make no mistake. You are Valerie Clair, née Craven, married to me on October 22 in St. Christopher's Southamton."

He stopped dead, the confident note in his voice dying abruptly.

"If your name's not Valerie, who are you? I ask you that," he said cunningly. "What are you doing in the house—posing as this Valerie's wife? You were engaged to Hillier when you threw him over for me. Come, I know the whole story; what's the use of trying to bluff me? I ain't blind!"

There was a leering contempt in his face and voice that made the trembling girl sick with shame.

Her self-control seemed to be slipping from her. She made a great effort to recover it, listening intently for any sound that would betray the presence of an eavesdropper—Jack or Stanhope Lane, or even one of the servants on the way to the house.

"My name is not Valerie. . . I assure you," she said tremulously. "I am Lady Hillier and live with my husband at the house across the lawn there. You have apparently mistaken me for Valerie. But if you know me, why are you here in the moonlight, you will see."

He interrupted her, swearing at her savagely. "What if you take me for a madman or a clown, 'Sis? I see right enough that there's some change in you; you've played some hanky-panky with yourself besides the hair dye. . . But if you're not Valerie Craven, the woman I married—who are you? That's what I want to get at. You are less right than ever to be masquerading there as Hillier's wife if you're not Valerie; and if you are, then you're not his wife at all. You're mine—mine, I tell you—married to me, safe and sound enough married in a church, a church."

He repeated the word with sneering laugh. "You were so damned particular on that point—or have you conveniently forgotten that, too?"

He broke into a gust of uncontrollable laughter—mad laughter—that terrified the girl even more than his outbreak of savagery had done.

"By gad, but it's funny! Can't you see the fun of it? Laugh, I tell you. Laugh—laugh!"

He caught her by the arm and began swinging round. The action was so sudden, the grip of his strong fingers on her soft, bare arms so brutal, that, in spite of herself, a cry of fear and pain escaped her.

And almost as though this were some stage scene, and the cry a cue, it had an immediate response. She heard the quick rustle of footsteps on the gravelled walk, and round the yew walk came a figure that she herself had come, was flung the shadow of a man.

"What it is—who's that? What has happened?"

Lane's voice, and Lane's lithe, active form cutting dark against the moonlight, and the man himself standing there on the dew-spangled grass beside her.

It would be hard to say whom Sylvia feared most in that moment—her mad assailant or her rescuer.

"I—good heavens, Clair—what on earth are you doing here? There was genuine surprise in Lane's voice. Whatever he may have expected, it was obviously not this.

"I—I broke into a laugh—I thought I had surprised some felonious attack upon Lady Hillier. Aren't you a late visitor?"

He had surprised her with his manner and his tone was a curious mixture of friendliness and a quiet insolence.

"Oh, run away—run away! Nobody wants you here," Sir George Clair put out a big hand and caught Lane by the shoulder, away from him to and fro in a good-humoured way.

Even in her distress Sylvia was aware that a subtle change had come

out of them and, though his manner had lost nothing of its rudeness, it was the normal manner of the man.

There was something almost unerring in the change—in the demonstration here before her very eyes, of the dual personality in the man, slinking back behind the outer mask like a snail withdrawing into its shell.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER.

LANE ignored Clair's words. He made no effort to release himself from the iron grip that might at any moment send him sprawling—across the grass or perhaps over the low parapet of the terrace into the placid, lapping waters of the little lake.

"I have come to take you back to the house, Lady Hillier," he said, addressing Sylvia, to the entire exclusion of the big man, who had dropped his hand from his shoulder and stood now, staring at him with a lowering face, like a big and extremely sulky child. "The night is perfect, but there is a treacherous dew falling, and that gossamer-wrap is no protection whatever against it, I am sure."

He spoke in a masterful and protective way, but as his eyes met hers, for the first time they showed a light of amused recognition in their still depths.

It was a delightful scene this, he told himself that he would not have missed it for a thousand pounds. He had the eye of an artist, but, unhappily, Jack's created a still, also what a picture he might have made, with this moonlit garden for its background!

He phrased it now as he looked smiling at Sylvia.

There was not an element lacking. The big, gross man, conventionally attired, as a villain should be, in evening dress—that could not, even by the most optimistic of "novellette" writers, be described as "failures." A bulging shirt front that that revealed by Clair's light overcoat it would be hard to conceive, and his extremely broad white teeth well round towards his left ear.

And the distressed heroine. How admirably distressed she looked, and how undeniably pretty. She really was very pretty, this little cat, prettier even than he had thought her in the lace shop days. Her face had gained just the touch of maturity that had lacked. . . the touch that only happy love can give to a woman's face.

Honestly, as he looked at her in that moment, with her tell-tale, quivering lips and nervously-working hands, he felt that he could almost forgive her for that moment of ignominy to which she had subjected him on a certain day of grey drizzle in Sloane-street, when she had driven off in an antediluvian hansom and left him standing under a lamp. . .

He gazed at him as some timid rabbit might stare at the steady, fascinating eyes of a snake. Then she made a step forward as though to accompany him. It was not possible to prolong this scene—it must end in some way or other.

Sir George Clair also made a forward movement.

"No, you don't, my lady. I haven't finished with you yet. Send this young bumble-puppy about his business and let us have our talk. I require an explanation before I can let you go."

He had interposed himself between her and Lane—a big looming figure against the fair background of the moon-silvered evening, his chin buried in his collar, his hands thrust into the pockets of his loose overcoat.

"I have no explanation to give—other than the one I have already given," the girl said desperately. "I don't know you, and you have obviously mistaken me for someone else. Now, please go—since you are acquainted with Mr. Lane, I can hardly accuse you of trespassing."

She started at the touch of Lane's hand on her arm. She saw his brows meet in a warning frown.

"It—the mania?" he whispered, as he passed her. "Say no more—leave me to my trespassing."

"Trespassing—!" Clair repeated, explosively. "Then invite me up to the house—let me have a few words with the man who imagines he is my husband!"

"I say, Clair," Lane went up to the man and drew him a little aside. "You are making a most awful ass of yourself. I happen to know all about this, and really, though I'm sorry you were so shabbily treated—you oughtn't to wear your heart on your sleeve in this way. I presume that you have mistaken Lady Hillier for her sister."

"What if you mean?"

"I mean that this lady was a Miss Sylvia Craven—whose sister, Valerie, was killed in India—the result of an accident, about three months ago. There was some attachment between you."

"Sylvia Craven," Sylvia heard him whisper. "Good lord. . . Sylvia, not Valerie," and then another exclamation that sounded like some sort of recantation of words of rank and file.

He quickly turned to Sylvia, for the first time raising his hat, and speaking, though with emotion, in a tone of ordinary courtesy.

"My dear, if this is true—if you are indeed the lady who was Miss Sylvia Craven I owe you an apology, though indeed I really scarcely expected

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Post 3d. O.S. 15/11. Neck 1/- extra. Also in Cream Twill Silk, with

Bargain Catalogue Sent Post Free.

The Winter Sale at Derry & Toms

Kensington High St.W.

Throughout January 1st REMNANT DAY to-morrow

All Oddments and Remnants **HALF PRICE**

CATALOGUES POST FREE. Telephone 3380 Kena.

French Blouse Department.

Tailor-made French **Belaine** Skirt with coloured stripes. Smart American Yoke and Polo collar.
Special Price **6/11**

Wools for Knitting.
"Thistle" wool is remarkable for its unusual strength, owing to the length of fibre used in the manufacture—obtainable in Natural, Dyed and Grey. Large or small quantities at 3/- Khaki or Navy, 4/-

Box Call Brogue 8.00, sizes 3 to 7 only.
Sale Price **13/9**

The New FUR CUIRASS



UL17 **1/11** Post 2d.
Charming Robe in Velvet, very smartly cut. Vest of fine Lace.

French Blouse Department.

Tailor-made French **Belaine** Skirt with coloured stripes. Smart American Yoke and Polo collar.
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Box Call Brogue 8.00, sizes 3 to 7 only.
Sale Price **13/9**

Wednesday, December 30, 1914.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

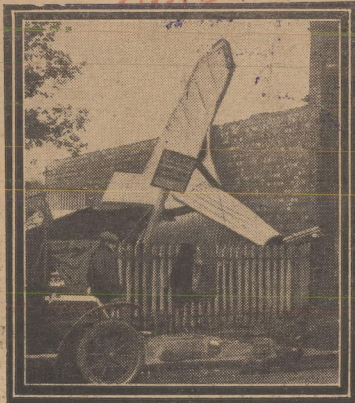
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IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT GALE. HOUSES WRECKED BY BLIZZARD.



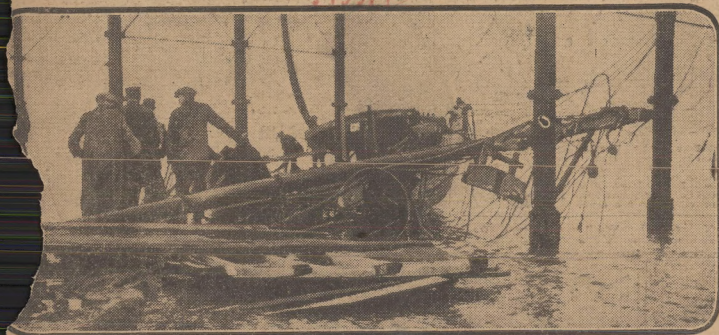
Robots were rescued from the ruins at Clapham.



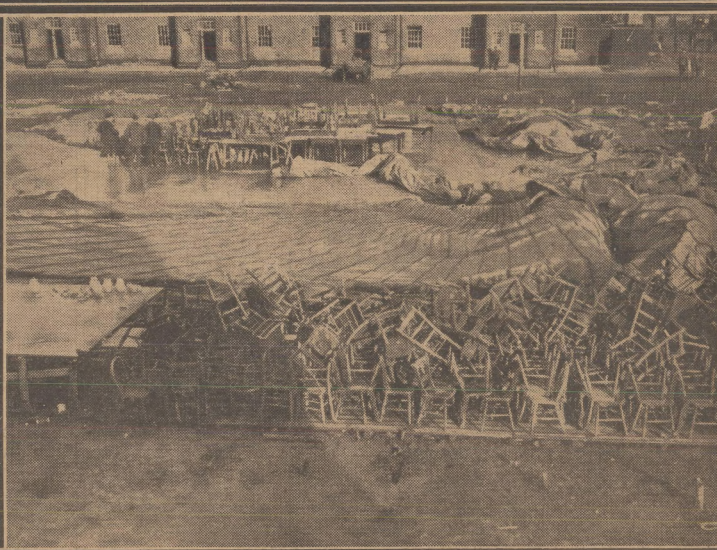
The iron roof was torn off a store at Farnborough.



Mr. E. Wakley and his three children, who had a narrow escape from a house wrecked by the storm. Mr. Wakley is injured.



Three men were drowned when the Nulli Secundus, a fishing boat, struck Southend Pier.



Mr. Albert Wakley.

Wrecked houses at Clapham.

The remains of a marquee at Farnborough.

extraordinary gale swept suddenly over the country on Monday night. Round past it carried with it a record of rapid destruction, and even in the suburbs of London it blew with a velocity of forty miles an hour. Cottages were wrecked and one was blown down in Putney.

of Wakley buried in the debris of a wrecked kitchen. The three children had just gone to bed, and had narrow escapes. Mr. Albert Wakley (seen in the circle) was killed. At Farnborough a huge marquee, in which about 2,000 soldiers had just previously had supper, was completely wrecked.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)